



THE CAPTYE KNIGHT

The Words by

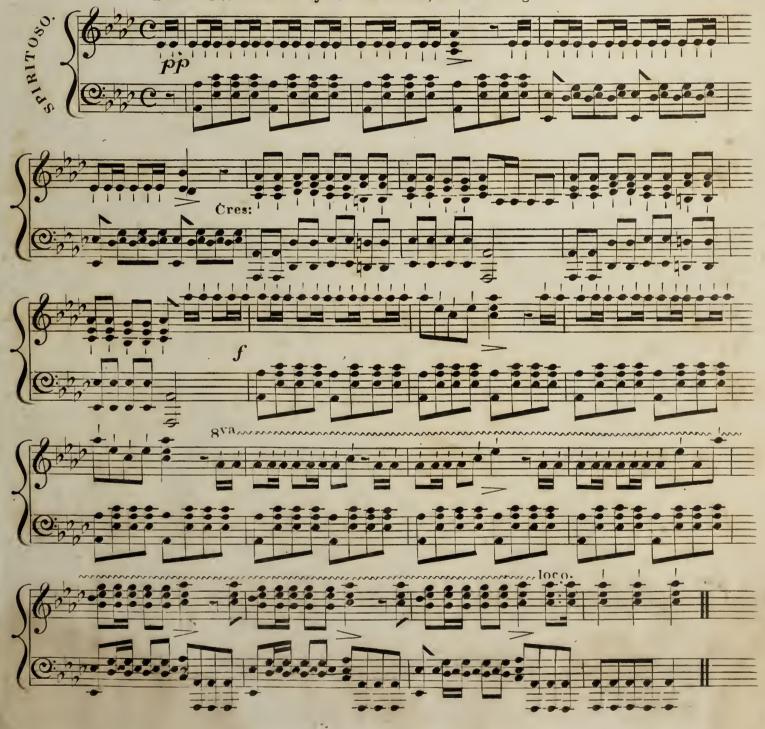
MRS. HEMANS,

The Music by her Sister,

and both Respectfully dedicated to

SIRWALTER SCOTT.

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE, 164 Washington Street.







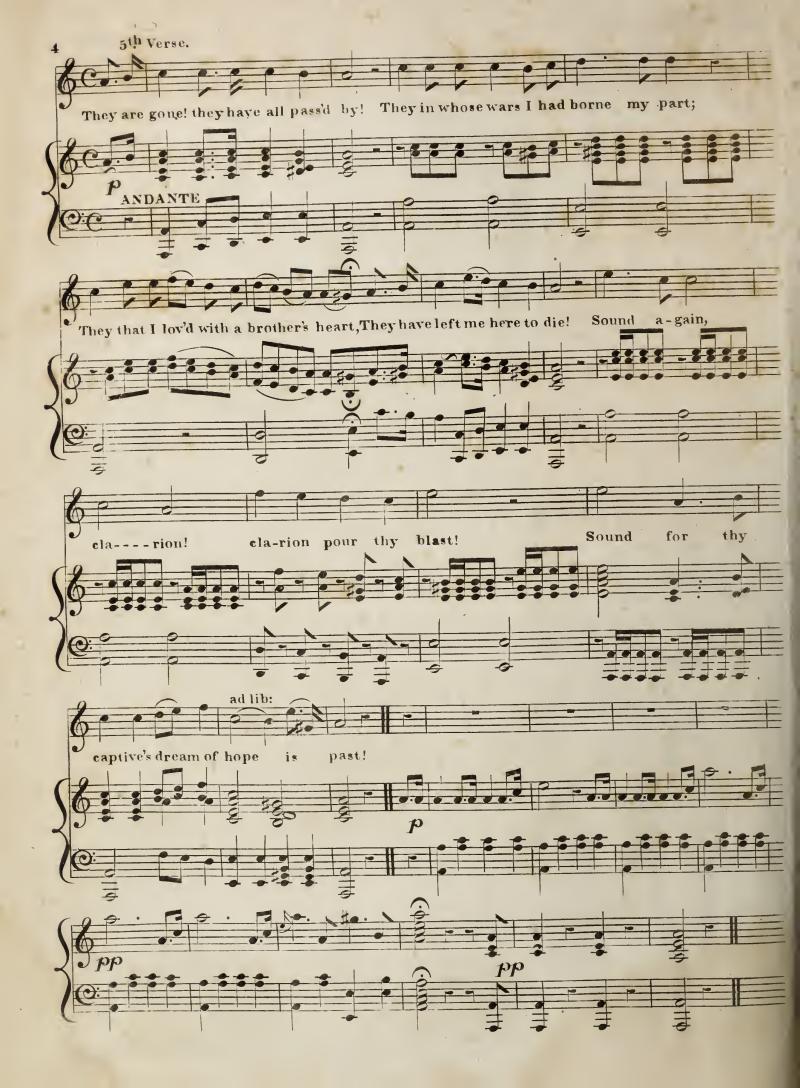
I knew twas a trumpet's note!
And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
And their pennons wave by the mountain stream,
And their plumes to the glad wind float.

Cease awhile, &c.

I am here with my heavy chain!
And I look on a torrent sweeping by,
And an eagle rushing to the sky,
And a host to its battle plain.
Cease awhile, &c.

4.

Must I pine in my fetters here?
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in my ear?
Cease awhite, &c.





Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2016 with funding from Boston Public Library

